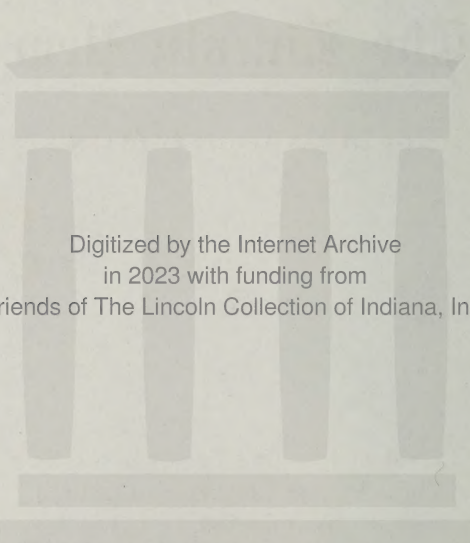


# The Lincoln Pew

BY LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN



[President Lincoln's Pew is in the New  
York Avenue Presbyterian Church  
of Washington, D. C.]



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**W**ITHIN the historic church both eye  
and soul

Perceived it. 'Twas the pew where  
Lincoln sat—

The only Lincoln God hath given to men—  
Olden among the modern seats of prayer,  
Dark like the 'sixties, place and past akin.  
All else has changed, but this remains the  
same,  
A sanctuary in a sanctuary.

Where Lincoln prayed!—What passion had  
his soul—

Mixt faith and anguish melting into prayer  
Upon the burning altar of God's fane,  
A nation's altar even as his own!

Where Lincoln prayed!—Such worshipers  
as he

Make thin ranks down the ages. Would'st  
thou know

His spirit suppliant? Then must thou feel  
War's fiery baptism, taste hate's bitter cup,  
Spend similar sweat of blood vicarious,  
And sound like cry, "If it be possible!"  
From stricken heart in new Gethsemane.

Who saw him there are gone, as he is gone;  
The pew remains, with what God gave him  
there,

And all the world through him. So let it  
be—

One of the people's shrines.

And still the historic church hath eye

And soul

And still the new where

And still

The only church hath given to men—

Which among the modern sects of prayer,

Which has the altar, place and past alone,

All else has changed, but this remains the

same

A sanctuary in a sanctuary

Where I should pray!—What passion had

the soul—

What faith and agonised feeling into prayer

Was the burning altar of God's love,

A nation's altar even as his own!

Where I should pray!—Such worshippers

to be

What this world shows the ages. Would'st

thou know

The great complaint? Then men then feel

What they imagine, what their heart can

Spout, what a world of blood and tears,

And stand the cry, "It is possible!"

Have reached out to new dimensions

Where all that there are gone, as he is gone;

The new remains, with what God gave him

What

And all the world through, that, so let it

What

One of the people's stories